

The Sunbury American

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SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 22, NO. 6

The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BY H. B. MASSER, Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

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JOB PRINTING.

We have connected with our establishment a well selected JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the most prompt and exact manner all printing.

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming, Montour and Columbia.

References in Philadelphia:

Wm. L. B. Tyson, Chas. Gibson, Esq., Sunbury & Co. Agents, Linn Smith & Co.

CHARLES MATTHEWS, Attorney at Law.

No. 128 Broadway, New York.

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FRANKLIN HOUSE, REBUILT AND REFURNISHED.

Corner of Howard and Franklin Streets, a few Squares West of the N. C. R. R. Depot, BALTIMORE.

Plans, \$1 PER DAY.

G. LEISENING, Proprietor.

July 16, 1860—11 From Selma Grove, Pa.

WILLIAM E. SOMERS, CHARLES SOMERS, G. SOMERS & SON.

Importers and Dealers in

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors Trimmings, &c.

No. 32 South Fourth Street, between Market and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

Merchants outside the city would find it to their advantage to give them a call and examine their stock.

March 10, 1860—11

J. P. SHINDEL GOBIN, Attorney & Counsellor at Law, SUNBURY, PA.

Will attend faithfully to the collection of claims and all professional business in the counties of Northumberland, Montour, Union and Snyder, and also in the German language.

Office one door east of the Frohman's office.

Sunbury, May 26, 1860—11

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, BROADWAY, CORNER OF FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

First International to Merchants and Tourists visiting New York, commenced by any Hotel in the Metropolis. The following are among the advantages which it possesses, and which will be appreciated by all travelers.

1st. A central location, convenient to places of business, as well as places of amusement.

2d. Scrupulously clean, well furnished and airy rooms, with a magnificent view of the city.

3d. Large and superbly furnished smoking rooms, with a magnificent view of the city.

4th. Being connected with the European plan, visitors can enjoy the best of both worlds.

5th. It is conducted on the "European plan."

Taylor's Celebrated Saloons.

where visitors can have their meals, or, if they desire, dine in the saloons, in the most comfortable and elegant manner. The saloons are kept by a first class chef, and are supplied with the most choice of food.

With all these advantages, the cost of living in the International is much below that of most other first class hotels.

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Select Poetry.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

KNITTING FOR THE ARMY.

Captive in Pain's relentless hand,

To long disease a helpless prey,

What can I do for my dear land,

Threatened by her own sons to day?

Alas! I never grieve before

As now to be so weak and poor!

From my full heart warm prayers ascend,

That He, who knoweth all our needs,

Will His support and guidance lend,

To camp, in council, in the field,

God be our leader and our shield!

Yes, in our country's trial hour,

All forest prayers surely must prove:

Oh work for the cause I love,

How great the privilege, if I

Might even the meanest want supply!

What can I do? My heart beats fast,

And my loyal sister-heart,

With pleasure, for we bear at last

The opportunity we seek.

We fight in our allotted task.

The charge we willingly accept,

And now the learner and adept,

All knit with eager industry,

Hasting with glad and grateful pride,

Our soldiers' comforts to provide.

Each may contribute here her mite;

And 'e'en my hand, so weak and frail,

Flinds work to do, with all my might,

And gladly I th' occasion hail.

And as I work, my fancies range,

Musing on many a contrast strange.

I, on my couch forever bound,

Shut up within my chamber's walls,

Working for them who have been and

To answer when our country calls:

I, sick and weak; they strong and brave,

Offering their lives our rights to save.

Working, I seem to hear the noise,

That tells me of a time of war,

Where Pennsylvania's gallant "boys"

Encamp on fair Potomac's shore;

Waiting until their turn shall come,

To strike for freedom life and home.

I like to heed the slender link,

Of union with those patriot bands,

Their health and comfort, I may think,

Leaves somewhat in our scale of things;

Our mutual strength increases thus:

We work for them—they fight for us.

Let us collect our energies,

And labor of our soldiers' good;

The Union more sublime will rise,

From the strange baptism of their blood.

And our bright flag by them unfurled,

Be loved and honored by the world.

We've read of dark and cruel days,

In revolutionary France,

When women left home's quiet ways,

Men's vengeful justice to advance;

Men's honor, fillet with awful rage,

Knit in their web the accusing page:

Sisters, let us thank God, His care

Still all such passions in our mind;

That intervenes with our prayer,

With helpful blessings intertwined,

Our handiwork a spell may prove,

Of Union Loyalty and Love! E. L.

"See Dickens' 'Tale of two Cities.'—Madame DeFarge

returned to the hills, preparatory to leaving for England, and thus, for the time, the ominous storm was suspended, but not dispersed.

Again rumors were rife that the fame of the matter was fast extending itself towards the Upper Province; the regiment had just murdered some of their officers in the mess-room, and it began to be whispered abroad that the spirit of disaffection was not confined to the military but was rapidly spreading over the entire population of the North.

Not were we long left in doubt as to the reality of our situation.

I was just preparing for my evening canter on the 4th of April, when Sun Sing, our hawliar major, (native sergeant major), in whom I had great confidence, and a special favorite of mine, was called to the presence of God's name, and to proceed in the direction of the line, as the men were in great excitement, and all running towards the bells of arms and seizing the muskets. I rode at once to W's quarters, and reported what had occurred. Hastily dressing myself, we galloped to the parade ground, where we were met by the native officers, who begged us not to enter the lines, that the men were mad with excitement but they promised all should go well if we would only allow time for their "maggage" to cool down, and not report the regiment to the authorities.

"We were then, to our great relief, dismissed to our lines, and our friend Dick Walker mattered to us as he passed at the head of the retiring column, 'Not over a drain of beer to a poor fellow this morning!'

"I had heard some of the officers had heard some of the Sepoys say, in bringing up the rear, 'Never mind, brothers, we will let the Gora (Europeans) long last you!' And thus ended scene the second.

If I had reason to congratulate ourselves on the amicable termination of this interview, we had but a short time to enjoy it, for the prospects of the morrow. To march the regiment into Lucknow in their present state of feeling, through a country by this time in open insurrection, was not encouraging, and we felt that the most "laudable" of the insurrection officers might be held excused for rejecting any terms of policy for their lives.

The rest of the day was passed in issuing the necessary orders for our march the following morning, and I may challenge contradiction in asserting that our night was not a pleasant one.

But the morning dawned and found us still in the land of the living. Again the bugles sounded our *dear comrades* in arms, the pouches filled with ball cartridges, and all was ready for the move, when a sower was seen advancing at speed towards us, his horse's side "fiery red with haste." Selecting W., he delivered a note from the "Burrah Sahib" glanced towards the men, who, in eager looks towards us, and whispering amongst themselves, left but little doubt they expected a crisis, and knew that the note how open before W. conveyed information of its occurrence. I well knew the cool nerve and self-possession of Jack W., but was not prepared for the manner in which he received the order. Turning to me with a laugh: "Here," said he, "is a note from the general to tell us that the Sepoy regiments in cantonments have mutinied, and that we are to march at once into Lucknow and teach us, unlikable, loads with grape, and waits for the start."

"I hope he'll say something civil to us, for old acquaintance sake before he begins," observed I; "though, for that matter, it don't signify much, for we are sure to have it from either front or rear, friends or foes; but I think it rather hard we should come in for such a lot of trouble, and that we should be the first to be hit, when we have paraded the regiment for them, which is all they can reasonably expect drop the connection and ride over to our friends."

"My dear Clint, quite out of the question! Order and etiquette direct us to remain with our men and receive that the brigadier has promised to 'romance' us, and I shall have any last words, write them down sharp, and I'll see if my tiger for a trifle will take them to camp."

In such cheerful converse we passed the few remaining hours to daylight, although occasional silence occurred between us, and our thoughts were not on the march, but on the state of our home, of her whose eyes would dim at poor Clint's fate! But hark! What's that? The morning gun? We are already dressed.

"Clint," said W., "ride quietly down the L—W road, and let us know if you hear troops approaching; but be back sharp for the parade."

It was yet quite dark, but towards the east a faint pale gray tint sprang up from the horizon, and melted away in the deep blue dome above us, and a light air from the same quarter indicated the direction from which we might expect our enemies to come. The men were falling in their usual quiet manner, in a line, and I noticed the dusky figures flitting about the compound of the house, and to my inquiry of who they were, a smooth-tongued deity voice said, "My lord's orders and the bugler." "Sound," said I, to the latter, and ere I had proceeded a dozen yards on the L—W road, the "sound" rang out. "Sound," said I, "creatures of habit we are! Here was a regiment that, although no acts of actual violence had been committed, were in open mutiny, and yet the subordinate members of which were performing their duties as if no such crime had occurred, or such a thing as rebellion was a hand!"

And not proceeding half a mile from the officers' houses, and in an opposite direction to the men's lines, then I dismounted, and placing my ears on the ground, heard distinctly the dull rolling of guns. I turned my horse, and drove sharply to the parade ground. The men were falling in their usual quiet manner, in a line, and I noticed the dusky figures flitting about the compound of the house, and to my inquiry of who they were, a smooth-tongued deity voice said, "My lord's orders and the bugler." "Sound," said I, to the latter, and ere I had proceeded a dozen yards on the L—W road, the "sound" rang out. "Sound," said I, "creatures of habit we are! Here was a regiment that, although no acts of actual violence had been committed, were in open mutiny, and yet the subordinate members of which were performing their duties as if no such crime had occurred, or such a thing as rebellion was a hand!"

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